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## THE EXTERNALS OF BOOKS.

It might, at first thoughts, be supposed that the matter of books was exclusively important, and that, so that they were clever, philosophical, entertaining, and all that, it was of no moment what sort of external aspect they bore. But, in reality, we cannot help attaching considerable importance to the externals of books, just as we also take an interest in the *personnel* of authors, desiring to know, as the *Spectator* long ago remarked, "whether they be black or fair, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or single, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." For my part, I see no greater importance in the nose and eyes of a poet, supposing I like the poet, than in the print and binding of a book, supposing I like the book. For this reason I am always very solicitous about the personal appearance of books, and retain a recollection of their physiognomy and costumes throughout all the ages since the invention of printing, just as, from long looking at their portraits, I cannot separate the idea of Pope and his velvet cap, Shakspeare and his buttoned doublet and frill, and Sir Thomas More and his furred gown. So perfect, accordingly, is my sense of the age of particular styles of type, paper, and binding, that I believe no volume could be brought to me, of which I could not tell to within ten or twenty years of its age, without being favoured with a sight of the title-page.

The dress of books, in the present day, is extremely gay. The paper, print, and binding (or boarding), are all very beautiful, insomuch that very little further improvement can reasonably be expected. It was not so about twenty years ago, when, for all common books, the paper was woefully cottony, thin, and irregular, the ink dismally rusty, the type clumsy, and the best boarding consisted of an uniform covering of olive paper, the inferior being an association of olive and blue. The first editions of the earlier Waverley novels are examples of the set—and yet, such is the effect of association, I never have nearly so much pleasure in re-perusing one of these novels in a modern smart edition, as in dipping back into one of those first editions—the very appearance of the words Callum Beg, Tillietudlem, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, as they stood originally in those coarse volumes, remains fixed for ever in memory, and can never be recalled without reviving the breathless pleasure with which these tales were at first devoured, when that was coming upon the minds of men for the first time which was to be a delight and a wonder to them for ever. The earlier numbers of the Edinburgh Review were printed in the same rude and blurred manner, and with even worse paper, as if it had been felt that the talents of the writers would shine through any medium—there were additional features of tastelessness in the employment of those long s's, like f's, which had some time before been generally exploded, as well as in the use of a very poor Italic in the head-lines. I am not old enough to remember the pleasure of reading those clumsy emanations of honest David Willison's press; but there will probably be middle-aged gentlemen who, if they chanced to set about the reading of some newish edition of the old volumes of the Review, would be puzzled to account for the great falling off in the pleasureableness of their sensations, until they discovered that the paper had got a great deal too white, the print become far too clear, and the esses most shockingly short. It would not be the Blue and Yellow of their early love, but a meretricious changeling which they could not abide; and they would resign the volume with a sigh for the lost typographical graces of Craig's Close. All books of that age, however, were not of inferior print. Scott's poetical works came out

in splendid quartoes, of thick yellow-wove paper, and exquisitely cut type. The presses of Bulmer, Bensley, and Ballantyne, were ever and anon sending forth books of that elegant and expensive kind, a sort of typographical aristocracy amidst a generally degraded populace—all velvet and lace, while every body else was in rags. These books were, however, of no character. They were merely well-bred, scrupulously correct and elegant people, with nothing particular about them. The letter used in them is the very standard of its form, from which no right departure can ever be made. The paper is unimpeachable. But, after all, one is apt to find more satisfaction in frolicking among the poor gypsies and slatterns of the lower book world of the period, than in dwelling amidst the dull proprieties and sickening splendours of the Ballantyne drawing-room.

When we go back another step—to the books of the *nineties*—we find any thing but pleasing appearances. Somehow, an age of great political contention is apt to be an age of poor typography: men are then perhaps too much engrossed in high matters of state to cultivate the arts. The books printed between 1790 and 1795 are particularly bad, the paper being of the kind called *blue laid*, and as coarse as possible, while the type is a transition species between the neat but unprecise kind used in the Tonson and Linton period, and the well-defined cut of the present day, and possessed the beauties of neither. Above all things, the atrocious blueness of the paper was remarkable. Such were the features of Burke's famous pamphlet, of the trials of the reformers Hardy, Muir, and Palmer, and of Dr Moore's work on France. There is something in the very appearance of the date that puts one in mind of the guillotine. The 1 was a short figure; the 7 and 9 went below the line; and the 2, if it was a 2, was a short figure again. The appearances of the dates of this era are ineffaceably printed on the mind. Figures were not reduced to their present republican level for several years later. The publications of the year 1800 have the 8 towering above the line, and the other three figures short. I have seen books of 1803, however, where the figures were all upon a level. The Gentleman's Magazine, as might be expected, was amongst the last to give up the old mode. I have had the curiosity to look into the work, to ascertain at what time it yielded to the Jacobin system; and I find that the pride of the 8's was not taken down in that publication till 1809. The title-page of this year gives the last example of a figure of unequal length, and that is in the shape of a descending tail to the 9. After that, all is smack smooth. Paper began to recover from blueness about the year 1798. We have, in 1800, some good samples of yellow-wove, with neat type. The first edition of Burns's Works, printed at Liverpool, is one which will always be recollected with pleasure. About this time began a set of neat small books, of which Johnson in St Paul's Churchyard, and Mundell of Edinburgh, were copious publishers. The early editions of the Pleasures of Hope, and Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy, are examples. The paper was thick yellow-wove, and the type extremely neat, of a thin kind. There was usually a double line along the top of the page, with a line of small print between, expressing the subject-matter of the page. The engravings, if there were any, were apt to be by Stothing—very large figures for the space, the women having long sweeping inexpressive gowns, and the men coats of a similar kind, with breeches, of which you could not state positively whether they were buttoned, tied, or buckled at the knee. The poetical volumes of this order read delightfully—especially the selections, where you are always sure

"Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man," with perhaps "Alonzo the Brave, and the Fair Imogene." The style fell off before 1809, when most books of a common kind were by no means agreeable—those about the Duke of York's case, and the Walcheren expedition, may be cited as specimens likely to recall the general appearance to most people.

From the beginning of the eighteenth century down to the time of the French Revolution, there was one style of books. There were some variations in the course of the period; but still the style preserves one general character throughout. It was a cold hard style, something like the style of the literature and philosophy which obtained during the same period. It suited well to give outward form to the poetry of artificial life and social manners, which Pope set a-going, and which Cowper was the first to depart from. It also suited well for an age of essays, wherein were detailed the petty morals of the tea-table, and the sorrows of Honoriæ and Eugenia. The paper was generally of a dingy white, or yellow, or a dusky blue, a mortified winding-sheet-looking article, bearing the marks of the sieves in which it was made, and here and there a speck of the husks of the hempen material. The type displayed neither hair-strokes nor the proper thick strokes, but something like a medium between the two all over. The s's were long, curling in at the top upon the t's and h's and l's; as did the f's also. The c, likewise, had formed a strange connection with the t, which became conspicuous in such words as action or compunction. The tail of the capital Q whisked away below the line. Italic was much used. Every proper name, and all the emphatic words, were in that letter. It had many peculiarities. The capital J and Q were nearly like written letters. The single h turned its paw inwards, instead of outwards, and a couple of s's bore a near resemblance to the symbol of a sharp in music. In titles and head-lines, single was mingled with capital letter, and Italic with Roman. For instance—The WORKS of SAMUEL JOHNSON, or Weekly Essays in JULY, 1732 (the last being a head-line from a magazine of that period). The initial letter of a chapter was always a Brobdingnagian one, descending far below the top line. Indications of subject-matter were often given in a small type on the margin, particularly in historical works, where at least the year with a circumflex below it was indispensable at the upper corner. (Our ancestors liked to know where they were, and what they were about.) Public and music were always spelled with the k, and superior with an u. The e of the perfect tense was always omitted in poetry—thus, discharg'd; and some writers did not scruple to use the abbreviation 'tis, even at the beginning of a book. Upon the whole, the books of that time are an unenviable race. There is a want of geniality and nature about them, that is inexpressibly repulsive. To produce this effect, their binding greatly helps. The plain binding of about the middle of the century is a yellow calf, with thick ribs and fillets of dull gold on the back—the edges of the leaves sprinkled with red. All is stiff, *barkened*, unyielding. The somewhat gayer style of a later period (about the seventies and eighties) gives gold ornaments filling up the square spaces between the ribs: but these intercostal graces are usually of tame flower-work, or unmeaning stars, which little mends the case. About the end of the eighties, the book-binder began to put in vases amongst the flower-work—shabby unclassic articles they were, with long projecting handles, and festoons of flowers dangling across them, but yet better than nothing. The boards also were made of a mahogany hue, as an improvement upon the tame yellow or dull brown, and were decorated within with marbled paper, on which a gentle-

man's coat of arms had rather a smart appearance. These were symptoms of a freshening of taste among the book milliners—auspicious of the classic days of Charles Lewis. The lettering—that is, the gold print of the back-title and number of the volume—was rarely executed with any neatness. It was done with detached stamps, one for each letter or figure, and it was scarcely possible for the most calculating eye and the steadiest hand to put them in regularly or evenly. Hence, one of the first toasts drunk at meetings of bookbinders long ago, was "a good letterer." Such a man was venerated amongst them. He became the Wellington of the shop. Now, in consequence of the invention of a plan for stamping the whole at once, this has become an extinct virtue amongst the sons of the lying press.

The book-work of the *seventeenth century* is wretched, as might be expected from the political and religious squabblesomeness of the period. The type-cutting of that age had no shape, and the paper was a husky livid article, most unlovable to both sight and touch. How men could read treatises on apostolical succession and passive obedience in books so withered and so wild in their attire, surpasses all calculations of human endurance. And then there were ornaments for title-pages and heads of sections, so removed from all human sympathy—quaint-looking baskets and flower-pots, with flowers leaning over their brims at regular intervals—grotesque scroll-work with coarse lumpy cherubs (not Cupids) interspersed amongst it, one at each end perhaps pouring out something from a pot, while another would be blowing a trumpet. Classic objects, when they were represented at all, were represented in a style that left out every vestige of antique grace, and substituted a sepulchral, haggard, Quarles's Emblem-iah grimness and rudeness. It is not easy to express in words the character of the typographical ornaments of the time of the civil war, but any one who has seen much of them can never forget them. When I recollect any of the stern old books of that time, I always think of walking in old church-yards, amidst mouldering figures of Death and Time. Odds scythes and hour-glasses, let us escape from the thought of them!

Beyond the bibliography of this era, we get amongst the huge vellum-bound folios of the sixteenth century, as, in Grecian history, when we look before the time of Cadmus, we find ourselves amongst the Titans. The paper and print of that age, and of the fifteenth century likewise, were better than any that existed afterwards, down almost to our own day. The printing of a book was a serious matter in those days, as was fitting in a time when the composition of one was often the labour of a lifetime. Typography was a trade which involved both capital and learning, and it was in all respects well seen to. The printer was probably a man who might equally have been a professor of philosophy or languages. He printed with neatness and accuracy. The books had their dedications, their commendatory verses, and their *true effigies* of the erudite authors, all in academicals; a set of men evidently far more massive, and solemn, and dignified, than any of the learned of the present day. Then the binding of the book was a great business in itself. It was done with such a conscientious regard for a remote posterity! What sewing, what vellum, what leather—such tooling—what clasps to keep all tight and trim at last! And, finally, when the great business of making up the book was done, there was a chain to bind it to its shelf, and prevent poor scholars who might love it not wisely but too well, from carrying away that which few well-fed men could have even lifted.

The tastes of the book-fancier or bibliomania are usually smiled at by the rest of mankind; but I rather think, from all that has been said, that this ridicule has no just grounds. If it be true, as I have endeavoured to show, that the external peculiarities of the books of all ages bear some analogy to the peculiarities of the literary spirit of their respective ages, it is impossible to doubt that a book will be better—that is to say, will bear greater meaning—in the dress of its own, than of any other age. It is my belief that the books do bear this superior meaning in their native costume, and are not (to use a familiar phrase) quite themselves in any other. The puritanic productions of the time of the civil war, and the last century essayists, as being more than usually marked by *manner*, are peculiarly absurd out of their original dress. A sermon of four hours, preached before General Fairfax or the Lord Protector, must have its quaint scroll ornaments and flower-baskets over the text, or it is absolutely naught; and I could no more endure to read the stories of

*Priscilla and Eugenius*, or the speculations of Mr Town or Mr World on *farbrows* and *fonances*, in a type with hair-strokes, than I could bear to see a statue of *Cicero* or *Cesar* habited in a ball-dress. The internals and externals of books are compact, and no one who has a right feeling for literature could think of separating them.

#### SCENES AND STORIES OF VILLAGE LIFE. BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

##### MICHAELMAS WEEK IN THE COUNTRY

The mention of Michaelmas rarely conveys to the mind of the thorough-paced citizen of the metropolis any other ideas than the savoury ones connected with the anticipations or reminiscences of roast-goose, duly seasoned with sage and onions, and served up with the appropriate garniture of apple-sauce and rich gravy; in the appearance of which viands at his board, he humbly conceives the orthodox observance of the feast of St Michael and all angels consists. Wofully, however, would that man be disappointed, who should unwittingly visit those lands of geese, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Lincolnshire, at that awful period, in the expectation of feasting to perfection on the orthodox Michaelmas fare. Alack, my masters, that day is, in these counties, for reasons good, a more meagre fast than a Romish Ash-Wednesday; and those who venture to anticipate festivities thereon, will reckon without their host.

It is an anniversary of fusses, fidgets, and all disquiets to which the domestic *regime* can be exposed—a day on which servants are changed, removals are effected, scot and lot paid, and rent demanded, and often extorted from the moneyless, by the confiscation of household goods. It is a day on which the quiet, peace-loving, and sensitive-eared members of a family suffer annual purgatory for their sins, and the active, bustling, sharp-tongued vixens of the household, whether their station be in parlour or kitchen, hold their yearly saturnalia, and the conscious lasses and penates frown ominously on all intruders. *Intruders? do I say?* Those who know any thing of country customs would as soon leap into the crater of a volcano, by way of a visit of inquiry, as venture their persons into a strange house in or about the Michaelmas week, which is in these eastern counties, and has been from time immemorial, a week devoted to sweeping, scrubbing, and whitewashing; and those who ignorantly thrust themselves into the focus of such doings, will not fail to pay a pretty severe penalty for their folly.

My worthy metropolitan cousin once amused me with a ludicrously pathetic account of the inconveniences he experienced from having inadvertently selected Michaelmas week, old style, as the season for paying a visit to some friends in Norfolk, who had often complimented him with pressing invitations to come and see them without ceremony, and stay as long as possible. But I cannot do better than relate this brief passage of his autobiography in his own words:—"It happened last summer that I was attacked with a serious fit of the *maladie du Londres*, as a friend of mine from the healthful south of France terms those distressing nervous complaints which invade alike the dissipated and studious residents of the crowded metropolis. I lost my appetite, my spirits failed me; I could neither sleep nor study; I became querulous and impatient, rebuked my housekeeper without just cause, execrated the dustmen and their bells; gave orders that I should be denied to all the world, and then upbraided my friends for not coming to see me; yawned in my clients' faces when they came for opinions, and advised them not to go to law about such nonsense, to their infinite indignation. Finally, I consulted my physician,

and quarrelled with him for candidly assuring me 'that a prescription would only aggravate my symptoms, since country air and exercise was all I wanted.' Just at that moment a friend of mine, who had recently experienced the same bodily languor and *vis inertia* under which I was labouring, called upon me on his return from a month's visit in the country, in so complete a renovation of health and spirits, that I resolved not to lose another day in following the same line of conduct which had produced so beneficial an effect on his constitution. Accordingly, I ordered a few changes of linen to be put into my portmanteau, hastily threw myself into a postchaise, and commenced my journey to Greenwood Vale in Norfolk, the residence of Sylvester Chapman, Esq., to whom I had long pledged my word that my first visit, if ever I did turn my steps eastward, should be made.

I did not consider the formality of announcing my intention by letter by any means necessary; assuring myself, in the simplicity of my heart, that I should afford my good friends a pleasing surprise, by popping upon them unexpectedly; and in the very improbable possibility of my visit proving inconvenient to Mrs Chapman, I provided in my own mind to remove after the repose

of a night and day to the house of his brother, who resided in a country town about twenty miles distant from Greenwood Vale. I had, moreover, two other friends with whom I proposed spending a little time; but they dwelt in a more remote part of the country, and at any rate my first visit was, as I before observed, promised to my friend Sylvester, and to his house I therefore proceeded.

My spirits improved during the journey, in the course of which I feasted my imagination with the most refreshing pictures of rural pleasures and domestic peace; and, above all, with anticipating the delicious quiet I should enjoy during a month's residence in the country. How my heart leaped within me when the bustling, noisy, restless metropolis was left far in the distance, and my delighted eyes reposed on

"Verdant lawns and fallows grey,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;"

quiet villas with their pleasant gardens, and waving woods, rich with the mellow tints of a gracious autumn. The heavens were so intensely blue, too, and the air so clear and reviving, that I mentally exclaimed, 'Is it less than absolute insanity for a man to voluntarily forego scenes like this, to be pent up within narrow dusty lines of brick prison-houses, in a gloomy city, where every breath is laden with life-destroying vapours, and even light is a stinted thing, not to be enjoyed even by the wealthy who have paid the assessment for its passage into their magnificent mansions without grudge or hesitation; where water reaches us through stagnating pipes and impure reservoirs, in any form but that of the pure element for which the fevered invalid pines in vain?'

It was about noon on the second day of my journey, that I arrived within the precincts of Greenwood Vale; delicious name! and how well deserving of it appeared the pastoral village where each white cottage had its neatly kept, productive garden, blooming with monthly roses, and gay with all the showy flowers of the autumnal season, and where the tired labourer might repose himself at noon under the shade of his own fruit-trees, whose loaded branches promised a mise of wealth to the happy industrious peasant.

Groups of smiling rosy children, not like the meagre squallid broods reared in the abject misery of London cellars and garrets, but such as Rubens and Teniers might have delighted to paint, were to be seen in every lane gathering blackberries and elderberries, or bearing home their rich purple treasures in loaded baskets.

"Happy, happy season!" ejaculated I, my eyes filling with an involuntary gash of tears, the overflows of a heart overpowered with those sweet feelings which proceed from the contemplation of the felicity of others, and a scene which to my fond fancy appeared to realise all that poets have sung of the delights of the golden age, and the pure unsophisticated pleasures of the country.

As I sprang from the postchaise at the gate of my friend's pretty shrub-bordered lawn, where every thing appeared arranged by the hand of taste, and kept by that of neatness, I could scarcely forbear from exclaiming aloud, 'Here let me live and die; for I have found the haven of rest for which I have vainly searched in the haunts of luxury or the shades of pride.'

I was still under the intoxication of this romantic feeling when I discharged the postilion, and taking my light circular *valise* in my hand, approached the entrance of the mansion. "By the bye," thought I, as I drew near the open door, "I have just arrived in time to make one in a rural *fare*, for which I perceive active preparations are making. The apple-gathering feast, I suppose; though, methinks, it is getting rather the coldest for a collation out of doors; and yet it must be so, or what else can be the meaning of this medley of chairs and tables on the lawn?"

In truth, a confused variety of parlour furniture was arranged, without much regard to the picturesqueness, on the lawn before the windows, and I could account for the phenomenon on no other supposition. A few minutes, however, sufficed to convince me of my error, for while I stood knocking long and lustily at the entrance door, my ears were greeted by the ominous music of the scrubbing-brush, playing all its variety of tunes in every apartment of the house, from the cellar to the attic. I started back impulsively at the sound, for I have always entertained an unconquerable aversion to newly-washed floors; and who knows, thought I, but the very chamber in which I am doomed to sleep this night may be undergoing such formidable ablutions?

I looked around for the vehicle in which I had arrived with a sort of vague undefined intention of effecting a precipitate retreat, but it was gone, and already out of sight; and I had no alternative left but to obtain admittance if I could.

My application to the knocker was for a long time ineffectual, but at length a vigorous rat-tat-tat occasioned a sudden cessation in the operations of one of the scrubbing-brushes, and the next moment a dirty slip-shod girl, in a wet apron, with a cap all awry, displaying a host of slovenly curl-papers, passed over the window, and starting back with a look of unfeigned horror at my appearance, screamed out to some one above—

"Oh, lauk-a-daisy, Marm, here be a right-on gentleman, lumping at the door like mad."

"A gentleman, Marm?" responded a shrill voice; "who is he? and whence did he come?"

"Marm, I don't know who he be, but he must be somebody grand, for he comed in a real *po-shay*, and have got his trunk in his hand, and that's all I can tell about 'em, for I never see'd his face before," replied Molly, in rather a mysterious tone.

"Come in a post-chaise, and got a trunk with him, do you say?" rejoined the mistress; "there must be some mistake, for I am sure no person of sense would choose such a time for a visit."

"Shall I call master to speak to un?" demanded the saucious Molly.

"Yes—no—he'll be asking him to dinner if you do; for you know, Molly, your master has no judgment nor consideration about proper times and seasons," said the mis-

tress in a sort of confidential manner, to her handmaid, who resumed as follows:—

‘Well, marm, then I ‘spose I had best go to the door myself, and ax his name and business; though, to be sure, I isn’t fit to be seen.’

‘No! nor you never are, Molly,’ responded her lady, in a very *aire* tone. ‘However, I shall get rid of you, and that other lazy worthless baggage Sally, to-morrow; that’s one good thing.’

‘I’m sure you can’t be gladder to get rid of me, than we shall be to go,’ rejoined the damsel, with answering *soo*. ‘For my part,’ added she, ‘I never valued your place, marm; and if so be that I hadn’t been letten from Michaelmas to Michaelmas, I’d never have staid with you a year, that I promise you.’

‘Hold your saucy tongue, you insolent hussy, and remember all the things you have broken since last Michaelmas,’ exclaimed the wrathful mistress; ‘but you shall pay for them all, mark that—or I’ll stop them all out of your wages.’

‘Sure, and if you do,’ sobbed Molly, ‘I’ll hand you up before the justice sitting; for I arn’t going to pay for all the things that were broken by the cats, and dogs, and chickens, and pigs.’

‘Who left the things in the way of the cats, and dogs, and chickens, and pigs?’ demanded her mistress, angrily; both parties having apparently become, in the heat of their mutual recriminations, forgetful of the necessity of answering the door.

For my part, I had heard enough to extinguish the last particle of my cherished *beau ideal* of country quiet and country delights. I stood for a moment as one astonished, and then was about to make a hasty retreat from the satalnus of St Michael and all angels, before my devoted person should be identified as the unwelcome gentleman who was knocking at the door on such a day; but I was unluckily recognised before I could carry this prudent design into effect; I was recognised by no less a personage than my friend Chapman himself, who had been for some moments reconnoitring me from behind the door of his own stable, which commanded a sidelong view of the front entrance of the mansion, which it seems no guest could approach unseen. As soon as I caught his eye, he advanced from his observatory, and greeted me with a great appearance of pleasure and surprise; but, nevertheless, I could not avoid perceiving that my presence caused him some little disquiet, and methought he had a certain crest-fallen, careful look, very different from his usual frank, hearty manner; and I observed, withal, that he bestowed extra pains in scraping and rubbing his shoes, before he ventured to impress a single step on the freshly washed stones of the vestibule. I, of course, as a matter of common prudence, imitated his example; not, indeed, solely in compliance with the request indicated by his beseeching looks, but because I am a person of the neatest habits, and make a point of conscience neither to occasion unnecessary trouble in my own feminine establishment, nor to defile other people’s houses at any time or season.

‘My dear friend,’ said I, as we stood looking like two fools on the wet boards of the empty parlour, into which he had led the way with a melancholy air, ‘I fear I have chosen a most inconvenient time for my visit.’

‘My dear sir,’ responded the unfortunate spouse of the most cleanly of all housewives, with a deep sigh, ‘I regret, on your own account, that you should of all weeks in the year have stumbled on the Michaelmas-week for that purpose, as Mrs Chapman will not be able, I fear, to pay you that attention which you deserve, for it unluckily happens that she is changing both her servants at this time, and she always makes a point of having her house cleaned from the cellar to the attics before the new servants come, lest, she says, they should take example by the sluttish habits of their predecessors; and, like all notable women, instead of going coolly to work, and getting the extra business performed by degrees, she is for having it all done at once, and has turned the furniture out of every room in the house, so that I have not, literally speaking, a single place to ask you to sit down in.’

‘I should be happy,’ said I, ‘as I am somewhat of an invalid, to retire to a chamber, and endeavour to recruit myself with an hour’s repose or so after the fatigue of a journey, which my desire of being with you as early as possible induced me to perform with unusual expedition.’

Mr Chapman shook his head with a melancholy look. ‘The thing is, I regret to say, impossible,’ responded he. ‘Mrs Chapman has unluckily taken down every bed in the house, and the floors of all the chambers have either been or are in process of being scrubbed, and it would be more than either of our heads were worth, were we to attempt to set a foot on the newly-cleaned stairs before night.’

‘Cannot we go to the kitchen fire, then?’ demanded I, after a continuous fit of sneezing, which afforded me sufficient intimation that I had already experienced the inimical effects of standing on wet boards in a room whereof every door and window was set open for the purpose of occasioning counter currents of air to absorb the damp.

‘My dear friend,’ replied Mr Chapman, ‘I should have had great pleasure in conducting you thither, had it not been,’ he added, in a dolorous tone, ‘that Mrs Chapman, as if to complete my miseries, has made an appointment with a chimney-sweeper this morning, who is at this moment in the chimney. The floor is covered with soot, and all the chairs and tables are turned into the yard. There is not a fire in the house, and when we shall have dinner I know not, and dare not inquire; for it is as much as a man’s life is worth to mention such a thing to the mistress of a house in the Michaelmas-week.’

‘I trust,’ pursued he, looking on the ground in some confusion, ‘it is unnecessary for me to assure you how extremely happy I am to see you in Norfolk, and I hope, after these family *muddles* have somewhat subsided, that I shall be able to have the things a little comfortable for you; but at present, my dear friend, the only place into which I can safely introduce you is the stable, where I have been standing the whole morning, and esteemed myself fortunate in possessing such a place of refuge from the housequakes and tornadoes within. In fact, I want to re-

turn thither just now; and if you will accompany me, I shall take it very kindly of you, for I was engaged in looking over my saddles, bridles, gig and cart harness, and gardening and farming implements, to ascertain whether any thing was missing, before I settle finally with my men-servants, who leave me on Michaelmas-day, and was in the very height of the business when I had the pleasing surprise of perceiving you at my door.’

‘And is it for this that I have exchanged my snug chambers in Chancery-Lane, my warm fire, my luxurious easy-chair and footstool, and all the other comforts and conveniences with which I was surrounded?’ thought I, as I followed the hasty steps of Mr Chapman to his equestrian city of refuge, who most unseasonably, as I thought, hummed the popular air of ‘Home, sweet Home,’ as we turned our backs upon the house.

A stable in good truth was never a place much to my taste. I take no delight in the society of either horses or grooms, and consider the savor of both to be any thing rather than agreeable. I have heard of grooms reading ‘Lord Byron,’ and horses lodged almost as luxuriously as the fairy stud of Fortunatus, in stables with French windows and Venetian blinds; but my friend Chapman’s establishment was of a very different order from any thing of this kind. His groom, who had been a parish-apprentice, was guiltless of knowing a letter in the book; and his stable, in its present state of litter and confusion, strewed from end to end with all the miscellaneous articles of which he recently spake, had a decidedly *Augean* appearance.

I was hungry, weary, and malcontent; but I had voluntarily exposed myself to the inconveniences I suffered, and, therefore, had no excuse for venting my mortification in words expressive of my dissatisfaction, but, with a ruel air, seated myself on a dirty three-legged stool, which my friend provided for my accommodation from under the manger, and submitted, with as good a grace as my internal vexation would permit me to assume, to the doom which my malign fates had prepared for me of listening quiescently for three hours to the wrangling between my friend Chapman and his serving men, on the wrongs and robberies he had sustained at their hands, in the articles of bridles, stirrups, cart-whips, and other whips, dethrons, collars, plough-lines, pitchforks, rakes, hoes, scuppers, spades, and a variety of other implements, whose names I have forgotten.

In the course of this scene I discovered that Mr Chapman was quite as tenacious respecting his out-door property, as his worthy spouse had been with regard to the devastations committed by her damsels in her glass and crockery-ware. Which was the most violent, unresonable, and exacting of the twain, I am at a loss to say; neither were his men a whit more respectful than her handmaid Molly had been. Reproaches, taunts, and threats, were mutually bandied, till I, weary of the clamour, and apprehensive of increasing my cold, rose from my stool (which in good sooth had been to me a stool of repentance in the most literal sense of the word), and, with a suppressed yawn, made a bold attempt to effect my escape from a scene at once so noisy and uninteresting. My purpose was, however, detected by my friend, who poured forth a volume of apologies on the score of his having been too much engrossed to pay me proper attention. ‘But business, you see, my dear sir,’ added he, ‘business must not be neglected, and Michaelmas is such a time!’ He then entreated five minutes further indulgence, which five minutes appeared to me perfectly interminable, and lasted till the dirty slip-shod damsels became allured to bring us a summons to dinner. I was then presented in due form to the mistress of the house, who, almost as much as disabilis, as her maid, received me with a very ungracious demeanour, and made a series of the most embarrassing apologies for every circumstance of my reception and entertainment. I will not enter into the minutiae of the cold ill-served meal which she designated dinner, and which was laid out in a wet room, with no other furniture than a table and three chairs. Scarcely was it concluded, before Mrs Chapman rose from her seat and begged me to excuse her, ‘as she was so much engaged with her domestic affairs, that she had not a moment to spare for company, nor should she have for a week to come.’

This declaration afforded me too good an opening for effecting an honourable retreat to be neglected, and after apologising for the unseasonableness of a visit which I resolved should never be repeated, I rang the bell for the purpose of remanding, if possible, the vehicle in which I arrived to the door, but not even for that purpose could I obtain the attendance of a servant, and at length, after some unmeaning compliments, Mr Chapman consented to accompany me to the little inn, the only one that the village could boast, where he concluded my post lad would be found, refreshing himself and his cattle.

Taking my portmanteau in my hand, I set forth with my friend on this peregrination, and used unwearyed expedition, in hopes of reaching the inn in time to avail myself of the opportunity of departing in the post-chaise; but notwithstanding all my exertions, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, I arrived too late. The postillion had finished his refectory, and was gone. No other conveyance could be procured nearer than a town eight miles distant, to which Mr Chapman could not send a servant that evening, so that I was fairly left in the lurch.

My distaste to my late quarters was so great, that I would fain have spent the rest of the day and the night at the inn; but alas, the inhospitable influence of St Michael extended even to that place of entertainment for man and beast. The beds were taken down, a general roar of cleaning and whitewashing was going on. The landlady was about to change her servants the next day; she had half a dozen cross children running in every one’s way, and was in the very act of pommelling a sturdy rebel of nine years old, who was kicking, screaming, and protesting against the castigation when we arrived.

‘You cannot stay here,’ observed my friend Sylvester, with a look of sincere regret. ‘I assented with a melancholy nod, and we retraced our steps.

My return, portmanteau in hand, did not sweeten the acerbity of the lady of the house. I spent an afternoon,

such as may be conceived by those who have been unfortunate enough to pay a visit as unseasonable as this. When the hour of repose arrived, I was ushered into a wet, comfortless, carpetless, curtainless chamber, destitute of all conveniences. I dreaded retiring to the bed; all doubt respecting whether the sheets had been aired being banished by a complete certainty that they had not. I had, however, only the alternative of sitting with my feet on the wet boards, or going to bed between the damp sheets; for some minutes I stood dubious, but bodily fatigue at length prevailed over caution and reluctance. I resigned myself to the chance of all evils that might result from sleeping so circumstanced, and threw myself on the bed without undressing, and slept, truth to tell, more soundly than I had done for the last six months.

I awoke with a bad cold, attended with toothache and sore throat. The morning was very rainy. We had a shabby starvation sort of breakfast. No fire; but an abundance of sour looks from Mrs Chapman, who began to suspect that I meant to trespass on her hospitality during the Michaelmas term of misery. From this fear she was happily relieved by the arrival of a post-chaise, which I had privately hired a special messenger to order from the nearest place where such a conveyance was to be procured. No unfranchised prisoner ever bounded into the open air at a glad delivery with greater glee than I experienced in crossing, for the last time, the threshold of Chapman’s domicile, and leaping into the superannuated rattle-trap vehicle that was to carry me to some more genial place of abode. I was regardless of jolting, broken windows, jaded cattle, pouring rain, and every other inconvenience, so delighted was I in the enjoyment of my own dear freedom once more.

Three hours’ ride brought me to the town of —, in the suburbs of which dwelt Mr James Chapman, the younger brother of my friend Sylvester, an eminent coal and corn merchant, in comfortable circumstances, a married man, with a family of eight children. But here my condition was no way improved, for the family were busy moving. In an agony of vexation, though inclined to laugh at my miseries, I bade the driver take the London road with all speed, and scarcely appeared to draw a free breath till I found myself once more quietly seated in my own peaceful chambers in Chancery-Lane, which I had so rashly abandoned; and I take every opportunity of cautioning the inexperienced never to make such unseasonable geese of themselves as to venture a visit in any part of the eastern counties on or about Michaelmas-week, old style.’

#### DUVAL THE HIGHWAYMAN.

LEAVING out of sight Robin Hood, whose thievery has been so varnished over by time and romance, as to look now like a lawful mulcting of the rick and oppressive, there is no robber or highwayman in the annals of the English ‘road,’ who pursued his profession in so accomplished a manner, and threw so many graces over thievery, as Claude Duval. This personage was a real Macheath, one who eschewed all the coarser traits of the rogue’s character, and there are some incidents in his history, which, we are sure, will amuse those of our readers to whom they are new.

Claude Duval was Frenchman by birth, having first seen the light, in the year 1643, at Domfront in Normandy, where his father, Pierre Duval, a miller, resided. Claude was well brought up, and received a decent share of education. When a sprightly lad of thirteen or so, he either ran away from his parents, or was permitted by them to go and push his fortune in the world. Having reached Rouen, the Norman capital, Claude chanced to fall in with some post-horses returning to Paris, and was allowed to mount one of them, on condition of helping the conductor to dress them at night. The lad might still have been badly off for food by the way, had not some English gentlemen, who were also travelling to Paris, taken pity on him, and paid his expenses. On arriving in the French metropolis, Claude attached himself to these strangers, and by their intercession was admitted afterwards as errand-boy at a noted place of entertainment. In this condition he remained till the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, at which time multitudes of people from all nations came flocking to England. Duval also crossed the Channel, along with a person of quality, whose service he had entered in the capacity of footman.

The period of the restoration was well fitted for the development of such a character as that of Claude Duval. He speedily became a proficient in gaming, drunkenness, and all those other practices, which, under royal favour, were regarded as the highest accomplishments of a gallant of the time. It may be supposed that such pursuits were not long compatible with the duties of a peaceful occupation. In reality, Monsieur Duval took to the highway to find the means of supporting his irregularities, and rapidly acquired such celebrity by his doings on the roads and heaths around London, as to have the honour of being named first in a proclamation for the capture of several notorious malefactors. But it was less for the extent of his depredations—though their range was by no

means limited—than for the manner in which he extenuated them, that Duval's name became famous in the land. He was the most insinuating of filchers, contriving to steal with such a grace, that, so far from terrifying even the ladies, they were content to lose all they had for the pleasure of contemplating his courtesy, and to wish him good luck with what he had appropriated. One story which is told of him will exemplify his manner of going to work. We quote the words of a quaint and ironical notice of Claude Duval in the *Harleian Miscellany*. Having on one occasion received intelligence that a coach was about to pass along a certain road, with a booty of four hundred pounds in it, Duval and four associates took the field, and at the expected time beheld the object of their search. "In the coach was a knight, his lady, and only one serving maid, who, perceiving five horsemen making up to them, presently imagined that they were beset; and they were confirmed in this apprehension, by seeing them whisper to one another, and ride backwards and forwards. The lady, to show she was not afraid, takes a fag-olet out of her pocket, and plays: 'Duval takes the hint, plays also, and excellently well, upon a fag-olet of his own, and in this posture he rides up to the coach-side. 'Sir,' says he, to the person in the coach, 'your lady plays excellently, and I doubt not but that she dances as well; will you please to walk out of the coach, and let me have the honour to dance one currant with her upon the heath?' 'Sir,' said the person in the coach, 'I dare not deny any thing to one of your quality and good mind; you seem a gentleman, and your request is very reasonable.' which said, the lacquey opens the door, out comes the knight, Duval leaps lightly off his horse, and hands the lady out of the coach. They danced, and here it was that Duval performed marvels; the best master in London, except those that are French, not being able to show such footing as he did in his great French riding-boots. The dancing being over, he waits on the lady to her coach. As the knight was going in, says Duval to him, 'Sir, you have forgot to pay the music.' 'No, I have not,' replies the knight; and putting his hand under the seat of the coach, pulls out a hundred pounds in a bag, and delivers it to him; which Duval took with a very good grace, and courteously answered, 'Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so; this liberality of yours shall excuse you the other three hundred pounds.' and, giving him the word, that, if he met with any more of the crew, he might pass undisturbed, Duval civilly takes his leave of him."

The fame acquired by such an exploit as this, which (to use the words of *Leigh Hunt*) is an "eternal feather in the cap of highway gentility," was calculated to render Duval as much an object of admiration as of terror, and if we take into consideration the loose morality of the times, we shall see some reason for crediting the stories which represent the gentle handsome highwayman as being a great favourite with the ladies. He always treated the fair sex, when he met them on the road, with the most winning politeness, and would restore a favourite trinket with the grace of a cavalier who had picked up a dropped glove. Once, when in company with several of his crew, Duval met a coach filled with ladies, and sent one of his friends forward to lay them under contribution. The fellow did his office rudely, taking away money, watches, rings, and even the gum-bottle of a baby that was present. The child naturally cried, and one of the ladies, the infant's mother, entreated the man only to return the sucking-bottle. But the surly thief refused, until Duval, observing him to stay longer than necessary, came up and discovered what had been done. Drawing forth a pistol, Duval levelled it at his associate's head, exclaiming at the same time, "Give back the bottle to the child, sirrah! Can't you behave like a gentleman, and raise a contribution without stripping people? But, perhaps, you had some occasion for the sucking-bottle yourself, and, indeed, by your actions one would imagine you were hardly weaned." The abashed thief did as he was bid, and Duval departed, leaving the ladies in admiration of the courteous style of thievery which it was his will to practise, as well as of the ready wit by which he repressed his companion's acquisitiveness.

Claude Duval is said to have exhibited much ingenuity occasionally in compassing such purposes as sheer courage alone could not carry him through. He once entered the Crown Inn, in Beaconsfield, where he heard singing, dancing, and fiddling in merry progress. On inquiry, he found that a sort of wake or fair was kept there that day, and that a large company were assembled. Partly from his natural liking for sport, and partly from the hope of doing business, Duval resolved to alight, and spend the evening there. He did so, entered the kitchen, and called for a pint of wine. By chance an old farmer was sitting by the fire with a companion, whom he told, in Duval's hearing, that he had a hundred pounds in his pockets, which he was anxious for the safety of. Our appropriative hero immediately set down this money as his own, more particularly when he heard the old countryman ask leave to enter the dancing-room, and see the diversion. Duval made the same request, and did it so courteously, that he was told he might stay

as long as he pleased, and welcome. Thinking more of the hundred pounds than the fiddle or the dancing, the highway practitioner looked around him for some means of making the money change possessors. Clever as he was, he was no conjuror, and could not have what he wished by crying "Presto! pass." But he hit on another method of accomplishing his object. He saw that the only rational way of lightening the farmer of his burden, was to create confusion among the company, during which he might use his fingers unseen. A chimney in the room, with a large funnel, struck him as a proper means of executing his project. He went out, and, having told the ostler of his wish to have a bit of frolic with the good company, prevailed upon that personage, by a bribe of two guineas, to dress up the large mastiff-dog of the stable-yard in a raw cow-hide with horns, which lay conveniently at hand, and then, by the help of a ladder and a rope, to let the disguised animal down the fore-mentioned chimney. Having thus arranged matters with his confederate, Duval returned quietly to the dancer, who continued to foot it in the merriest manner. By and bye, an alarming noise was heard in the chimney, and a most unearthly howling succeeded from the same quarter, followed by the thundering descent into the room of what appeared to be a black, yelling, horned demon. The whole company was thrown into confusion, and the question was, which should be first out of the room. The most active pushed down others, and the lights were overthrown, and trampled under foot. In this state of general consternation, Duval found it no difficult matter to empty the pocket of the farmer, whom he had kept a sharp hold of in the bustle. The dog, meanwhile, having broken the rope by its weight, bounded over the prostrate crowd, and made its way to the stable, where the ostler instantly uncased it, and rendered it impossible for the trick to be discovered. Whether it had been found out or not, Duval had taken care of himself. As soon as he had effected his purpose, he took horse, and spared neither whip nor spur till he found himself in London. The loss of the money was discovered after his departure, and search made for it every where; but, of course, it could not be found. It was thereupon settled by common consent that the devil had been permitted to take it away, in order to punish the old farmer, who was noted for his miserly covetousness.

When the proclamation, already alluded to, was promulgated, Duval, being then well provided with money, thought proper to decamp for France. He was not here long ere he had squandered all he possessed, and was compelled to resort to his old practices. It is recorded of him that he assumed the character of alchymist, ostensibly for the purpose of extracting gold from lead, but in reality to squeeze it out of an avaricious Jesuit, confessor to the king of France. By putting some pieces of gold into the end of a stick, and then stirring with this stick a crucible filled with melting lead, Duval contrived to exhibit the seeming transmutation of a portion of the lead into gold, by the melting of the particles in the stick. By this means he insinuated himself into the Jesuit's confidence; and the result was, that one day his reverence, being alone with his philosophic friend, found himself suddenly bound and gagged, and had the satisfaction of seeing his strong-box rifled before his face, himself being all the while unable to utter a word of remonstrance.

This enabled Claude Duval to return to England, which, somehow or other, foreigners of his class have always chosen as the favourite field of their exertions, possibly from the patriotic wish to spare their own countrymen. How long Duval flourished after his return to England, it is difficult to say, as the dates of the principal events of his life have not been preserved. He did not confine himself entirely to highway practice, but preyed upon the world in various other ways. Dressed elegantly, after the fashion of a finished gallant of the time, he frequented gaming-tables, and laid under contribution knights, and squires, and lords of high degree, who little dreamt of the true character of their companion. Duval was a most dexterous cheat at cards—or, to speak in more measured language of such a man's qualifications, he could slip a card beautifully. He was mightily given to betting, and laid his wagers with such skill and prudence, that he often won large sums by the practice, and seldom lost even small ones.

The law, which has no respect of persons, at length laid its hands on this polished highwayman, whom it had described in a thousand bills and proclamations. He was not taken while attacking the king's lieges, but after having assaulted several potties of wine. In plain language, he was arrested, while drunk, at the Hole in the Wall tavern, in Chancery Street. His capture excited a sensation proportioned to the repute he had gained in life. After being arraigned, convicted, and condemned, while he lay awaiting his doom in Newgate, he was visited by many ladies, among whom were several of rank, all anxious to see the man who, in his most lawless courses, ever preserved a degree of romantic and most unwonted courtesy to those of their sex. There rested on him, besides, we believe, no stain of blood, though, from the life he had led, this would be difficult to determine. The life of Duval was intercessed for, but in vain. On the 21st of January 1669-70, when he had barely reached the age of twenty-seven, he was executed at Tyburn. His youth, comeliness, and extraordinary character, in which a vein of good ran through the bad, caused

tears, it is said, to dim many gentle eyes, when he suffered at the fatal tree. Thanks to the improved morals of society, and thanks to an improved system of police, the race of Duvals are now extinct in the land, never, it is hoped, to be revived.

#### MINING INDUSTRY OF FRANCE.

In April 1833, a law was passed by the French legislative chambers, giving authority to a department entitled the "General Directory of Bridges, Roads, and Mines," to collect statistical details respecting the mineral produce of the country. This department has a staff of able engineers attached to it, who inspect the mining establishments regularly, and report once a year to the minister of commerce and public works. A compendious view of the information thus collected was presented by Mr. George Porter to the Statistical Section of the British Association, at its late meeting at Newcastle, and we now present some of the facts contained in it to our readers.

Only one out of the whole eighty-six departments (analogous to our counties) into which modern France is divided, adds nothing to the mineral wealth of the country. The principal products of the other departments are coal (including the varieties called Lignite and Anthracite), iron and steel, silver and lead, antimony, copper, manganese, alum, and sulphate of iron. The total value of the quantities of these substances produced in 1832, the year preceding the interference of the legislature, was L.4,230,039. The value of the same produce in 1836 was L.6,169,138. This great increase, amounting to nearly two millions, or forty-five per cent. within the four years, is in no small degree to be attributed to the system of inspection established by the government in 1833. Since that period the French mining proprietors have had the advantage, at stated intervals, of the advice of the inspecting engineers regarding the conduct of their works. On the other hand, no disadvantage of any kind has been found to arise from the interference of the legislature, either to the mining interests or to the public at large. The jealousy, therefore, which has hitherto kept this subject in mystery in Britain and elsewhere, seems to be utterly unfounded. It may be observed in corroboration of the propriety of ascribing the preceding increase to the system of inspection, that the inspectors were able to collect tabular statements of the mineral produce for various years anterior to 1832, and found the whole increase for the four years preceding that term to amount only to L.12,170.

We shall now advert to the details of the produce of each of the individual minerals that have been named. Thirty of the departments of France contain coal-fields. Some departments have more than one coal-field, as the whole number of these amounts to forty-six. The department of the Loire, situated in the heart of France, between the streams of the Loire and the Rhone, contains the most important and productive of these coal-mines. Their produce, in 1835, was 812,914 tons. From the position of this coal tract between two navigable rivers—one of which takes a westerly course through a wide tract of country, and enters the Bay of Biscay, while the other passes straight south through an equally wide district into the Mediterranean—the produce of the Loire mines is sent with ease and convenience to Nantes, Lyons, Marseilles, Avignon, and many other places of great importance on the line of the two rivers in question. Paris is also extensively supplied from this field. The coal-fields of the department du Nord, situated on the borders of Belgium, are next in consequence. Their produce, in 1836, was 531,605 tons. The Saone-and-Loire coal-mines yielded 142,149 tons, and the Aveyron mines 119,152 tons in the same year. Five of the other coal departments produced, individually, between 20,000 and 45,000 tons, six of them between 10,000 and 20,000, nine between 1000 and 8000, and four between 100 and 600 tons, also in the year 1830. The department of Lot produced 60 tons, and that of Andorre 22, in the same year. Two hundred and fifty-eight mines, in all, were in operation, at the close of 1835, and the number of workmen employed in them was 21,913. The total of coal raised in 1835 was 2,116,133, of which the monied value was L.865,246. The great increase of productiveness of late years is shown by a reference to the quantity and value of the coal raised in 1814. The produce of that year was 665,610 tons, and the value L.272,097. Of the produce of 1835, 101,500 tons (value L.39,433), consisted of lignite (or that species of coal which is most clearly of a woody or ligneous origin), and 57,603 tons (value L.32,532), were composed of anthracite (the only species of coal supposed to be of mineral origin), leaving 1,957,022 tons (value L.793,281) as the quantity of common coal raised in that year. The whole quantity of coal, however, taking all kinds together, does not nearly supply the wants of the country, as the use of coal has increased of late years in almost as great a degree as the productiveness. Considerable quantities of coal, accordingly, are imported into France. In 1815, 245,653 tons were brought into it, and in 1835 the amount of imported coal was not less than 755,365 tons, the augmentation having been gradual during the intervening years. These statements of the raising and importation of coal, as respects France, may be summed up by presenting the statistical accounts on the same subjects for 1836, the last year reported upon in the pamphlet before us. There was an increase, for this year, of 428,702 tons of raised coal, and of 194,008

tons of imported coal, making in all an increase in the consumption, of 622,710 tons. The coal imported into France comes almost entirely from England, and the "greater importations (says Mr Porter) of the last few years have been encouraged by a partial diminution in the rate of duty on consumption—a measure rendered necessary by the rapid extension of steam navigation. This great invention, which appears to be only now beginning to develop its full energies, will probably soon compel a further relaxation on the part of the French government, and will in various ways cause a great and permanently extending increase to this most important branch of the mining industry of England." Rating the produce of coal in Britain at the lowest amount (15,000,000 of tons, as already stated), it is obvious that 1,000,000 of tons (nearly the amount of French coal raised in 1836) must be totally insufficient to supply the wants of France, a country containing seven or eight millions more inhabitants than Britain. Hence the obvious advantage, on this account alone, of cultivating and facilitating, by every possible means, the commercial intercourse between the two countries.

"At the present time France occupies the second rank among nations as regards the production of iron, England being still immeasurably in advance of France, in which country the extension of this branch of industry is far less than has been effected of late years with us." There are, at this time, twelve distinct localities or districts in which the making of iron is prosecuted. These localities contain, all of them, sets or groups of iron-works, more or less extensive according to the richness of the district and other circumstances. The group of Champagne-and-Burgundy is the most productive, and next in importance stand the groups of the Jura, of the north-east of the centre, of the south of the north-west, and of the Perigord districts. The other five groups produce very little, if we except that of the Alps, which yields the largest quantities of steel. In all, the quantity of cast iron (pig iron), bar iron (malleable iron), and steel, produced in France in 1836, is as follows:—

	English tons.
Cast Iron, . . . . .	303,739
Bar Iron, . . . . .	201,691
Steel, . . . . .	2,725

Although the advance in productiveness has been greater, as formerly stated, in England, yet the French iron manufacture has by no means stood still of late years. The Reports do not go farther back than 1824, but, in that year, the quantity of pig iron made was only 194,636 tons, and of malleable iron 139,564 tons. The value of the iron and steel produced in 1836, amounted to L. 4,975,424, and the following abstract presents, under five principal divisions, the total number of workmen engaged in the manufacture, with the value created by them in each of those divisions:—

	Number of Workmen	Value Created.	£
1. Extraction and Preparation of the Ore, . . . . .	17,557	500,632	
2. Production of Pig Iron, . . . . .	6,776	1,969,132	
3. Production of Malleable Iron, . . . . .	8,678	1,506,247	
4. Founding, Drawing, Rolling, &c., . . . . .	8,615	812,486	
5. Converting, Moulding, Casting, &c. Steel, . . . . .	2,149	186,927	
Total . . . . .	43,775	4,975,424	

The scarcity of mineral fuel is the great cause of the inferior productiveness of the French iron manufacture. More than *forty per cent.* of the value stated in the preceding abstract is made up of the cost of the fuel used in the various processes. The subjoined statement exhibits this:—

Wood Charcoal, . . . . .	L.1,643,826
Wood, . . . . .	13,040
Coke, . . . . .	96,972
Coal, . . . . .	285,235
Peat, . . . . .	694

Total cost of fuel used in the Iron Manufacture of 1836, L.2,039,767

It will be seen that four-fifths in value of the fuel is composed of wood, chiefly in a carbonised form, or in the shape of charcoal. The price of wood charcoal, in 1836, was 1.2, 14s. 10d. per ton, a price far exceeding that of coke, which is the chief material used in Britain for the same purposes. Our wealth in this species of mineral fuel gives us our great superiority in the iron manufacture. Large quantities of this metal are imported into France in spite of the heavy equalising duties. This importation has increased of late years, notwithstanding the increase of the iron manufacture in France itself. The average yearly value of the iron imported into France between 1815 and 1834, did not much exceed L.150,000; but during 1834, 1835, and 1836, a regular augmentation took place, until, in the last of these years, the quantity introduced amounted in value to L.252,702. The good understanding recently established between the two countries of France and Britain, therefore, is obviously calculated to be of as much service to the latter country, as regards the iron manufacture, as it promises to be with respect to the coal-trade. In fact, when did peace and commercial amity injure the interests of any people or country in the annals of the world?

"The production in France of metals, other than iron, is of little or no commercial importance at the present time. The whole value created in the articles of lead, silver, antimony, copper, and manganese, amounted in 1836 to less than L.60,000, and gave

employment to only 1760 workmen." It is believed, however, that there exist promising fields, now left unproductive, for the exercise of these branches of mining industry, and the hope is entertained that capital may soon be embarked, and profitably, in this direction. The whole value of the *lead* produced in 1836 by the eleven lead-mines of France, amounted to L.16,209 (713 tons weight), of which L.11,692 came from the mine of Finistère, a district forming the most westerly point of the French territory. Only one of the other ten mines produced lead to the value of L.1000 in the same year. The *silver* produce of the year 1836 amounted in value to L.16,630, and of this sum L.11,542 worth was yielded by the lead-mine of Finistère. The remaining L.5108 of silver was separated from the produce of other three of the lead-mines. These quantities of lead and silver are, as may be imagined, altogether insufficient to supply the wants of the country. The importations of lead into France from foreign countries, principally Spain, have averaged 14,800 tons per annum, for the five years preceding 1837.

There are eleven mines of *antimony* now wrought in France. The largest are those of Allier and Puy-de-Dôme, and the produce of the whole, in 1836, amounted to 411 tons, value L.12,121. The native *copper* of the country is procured from five mines, the whole produce of which, in 1836, amounted to no more than 102 tons, value L.7877. The yearly consumption of foreign copper, Russian and English chiefly, during the five years from 1832 to 1836, has averaged 6235 tons. The product of the seven *manganese* mines of France, in 1836, was to the extent of 1667 tons, valued at the sum of L.6106.

These statements relative to the mineral produce of France are concluded and completed, in the pamphlet presented to the British Association, by a tabular view of the statistics of various branches of industry in which mineral substances are employed, as far as regards the number of workmen engaged, and the value created. It appears from this table that the total value created amounts to 377,684,791 francs, which sum is equal to L.15,107,392 of our money.

#### A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

HAGUE—SCHEVENINGEN—LEYDEN.

HAVING seen all that is considered remarkable in the Hague, I devoted a few hours to making inquiries regarding the various schools. These, it will be recollect, formed a primary object of inquiry to Cousin in 1836, and I was now prepared to go over the ground which he had trod with so much satisfaction. There are five Armen schools in the town, at which every child of parents in humble circumstances is instructed gratis, on a plan similar to that at Rotterdam, which I have already described.

Unfortunately, these Armen or Poor schools, which are supported entirely by the town, and also several Tusschen or Intermediate schools, were, as our conductor mentioned, in vacation at the period of our visit, and we adjourned to a large private school kept by Mr Becht. In all my excursions I never chanced to fall in with such an enthusiast in education as this individual. His seminary is situated in a back street, and is on the plan of a respectable Intermediate School, each pupil paying a regular fee for instruction. He charges from twelve to sixteen guilders (20s. to 26s. 8d.) per annum for each pupil, according to their degree of advancement. There is a separate department for teaching girls sewing, and pupils in it pay twelve guilders additional. Mr Becht, who is an active-looking Dutchman, prides himself very much on his school. He devotes his whole energies to it. In an instant he had a class of pupils marshalled in front of a large map on the wall, and questioned them strictly on geography, both questions and answers being translated to me by Mr Schultze. Next, there was a very large music-book, with the bars six inches deep, placed on a stand, and a large class properly arranged were put through a number of psalm and other tunes. Next came the general exhibition of copy-books, slates with arithmetic—and so on, all up to the mark of proficiency. Lastly, we were whirled up stairs into a pretty large apartment, where sat a matronly tidy woman superintending the girls at their needlework. And then we were whirled down again into a little speak-a-word room, where Mr Becht sat down and told us his plans of instruction, and showed us all the books he made use of. "I teach them every thing but Latin," said he, "and that they don't want. I take care to give them off my hands, at thirteen years of age, as well schooled as they could be any where in all Deutschland." "Do you teach them any religion?" said I. "Ah, no, myneher; that is not my business. It would ruin me if I were to attempt any thing of the kind, for I have them of all religions—Reformaire, Romsch, Mennonite, and Israëlitichen; and so you see it is impossible." "But

how do the pupils get religious instruction, then?" said I. "From their respective clergymen," was the answer. "Is the Bible among your class books?" "No, myneher; that could never be; the different sects would not agree in sanctioning it; but we have the Bible History." It appeared needless to pursue my inquiries further; so I bade Mr Becht good morning, much pleased with the advancement of his pupils and the mechanism of his establishment.

As all strangers at the Hague make a point of visiting Scheveningen, we, as a matter of course, visited it too. Scheveningen is a famous Dutch watering-place on the sea-shore, at the distance of three miles from the town, and is reached by a drive through a beautiful avenue of trees extending nearly the whole way. Scheveningen is to the Hague what Portobello is to Edinburgh, or Margate is to London. It consists of a large brick village, neat and cleanly, with one extremity bearing upon the flat sandy shore, and environed on two sides with masses of the sandy downs which here stretch along the coast, like huge ramparts defying the encroachment of the ocean. Fishing is the principal occupation of the settled inhabitants. As we emerged from the village upon the sands, the interesting spectacle was before us of some forty or fifty stout fishing-vessels lying within the verge of the water, and delivering their cargoes of recently caught fish to a crowd of persons on the shore. As we approached, the transfers from the holds to the baskets of the purchasers were nearly completed, and the fishermen were already bending the sails of several vessels to the breeze, and steering out to the German Ocean. The vessels are decked, and able to proceed to the deep-sea fishing at a great distance. I believe they sometimes visit the fishing-grounds on the English and Scotch coast. The fish which is brought to Scheveningen is carried in dog-carts to the market at Hague, and sent by canal-boats as far as Rotterdam and other places. The dress of the women who superintend the landing, and also the sales of the fish, has no resemblance to the costume of our Newhaven fish-women, whom we are apt to call Dutch in their appearance. As I have already mentioned, we are entirely in error in Britain respecting the costumes and appearance of the people of Holland. The only thing remarkable in the apparel of the Scheveningen fish-women, is a peculiar flat-shaped straw bonnet, which in figure may be compared to the old-fashioned gipsy hat.

Pursuing a cross-road amidst the downs, in an easterly direction, we pass a pavilion constituting the summer bathing quarters of the queen of Holland; and a short way farther on, drive up to the door of a large edifice fitted up as an hotel and bath-house, and standing on the brow of the sand-hills overlooking the sea. The establishment is the property of the municipal corporation of the Hague, and is under strict regulations as a place for the board and lodging of strangers. With the dreary prospect of the sterile downs on three of its sides, and the sea on the other, and with a wind drifting up the loose sand against the windows of the saloon, it appeared to us a cheerless abode, and we did not envy the parties who make it their place of summer resort. It is, however, the chief, if not the only sea-bathing quarters in this part of the Continent, and is visited by families of distinction from all parts of Germany on the Upper Rhine. Brought hither a distance of eight hundred miles, the Germans, who have heard much of the sea, but never before seen it, frequently, as I was told, testify their feelings in an enthusiastic manner highly diverting to the natives.

I have now to ask the reader to accompany us on our journey from Hague to Leyden. This is a part of our excursion to which I shall always look back with pleasure. Proceeding in the morning by the public diligence, we were driven at an easy pace along the smooth brick-paved road which passes through the parks and forest of the Bosch. All was fresh and still, like a true autumnal morning. The mower was seen hieing with his scythe on his shoulder to his healthful employment; the small birds were heard cheerily singing in the woods; the light streams of blue smoke curled up from the cottages of the foresters; and the eye was ever and anon delighting in the prospect of open glades richly dotted with clumps of oak and hazel bushes of a lovely green, and groups of cattle peacefully grazing in the distance. The scene was altogether sylvan in its aspect, very unlike the generality of Dutch landscapes. As the road advances, the country becomes more open, and forms a favourite hunting-ground of the royal family, and other persons

of rank. That which appears most remarkable to an English traveller here and elsewhere in Holland, is the total want of fences to the roads. The highway proceeds amidst plantations of trees, across open fields, and through coppices, without boundary walls or hedges, and nothing prevents the straggler from injuring the adjacent woods and grounds, if he felt disposed to do so. Yet, I was informed, such trespasses are of extremely rare occurrence.

Leyden is situated on a small branch of the Rhine, at the distance of eleven miles north-east from Hague, and is entered by ancient gateways, after crossing its cingle. On the outer side of this cingle or wet ditch, which encompasses the town in all parts except where cut by the Rhine, there is planted a beautiful double avenue of trees, forming agreeable walks for the citizens, and on the inner side rise the low green mounds which fulfil the purpose of walls to this venerable city. In the present day, these tokens of warfare only remain as memorials of a past state of things. The country around Leyden is reckoned the most fertile in the lower part of Holland, and is usually termed the garden of the Rhine, or Rhynland.

The branch of the Rhine upon which Leyden is situated, was at one period the principal outlet of that mighty river, and is still the only branch which retains the name of Rhine as far as the sea. Attracted by the suitableness of the place for communicating with the interior of Germany, the Romans here founded a city, to which they gave the appellation of *Lugdunum Batavorum*, which the place still classically retains. In the present day, we find the old Rhine at Leyden shrunk to the condition of a moderately large canal, and ramified through a number of the streets in the usual approved Dutch style. The modern name of Leyden appears to be derived from the small river Leyde, which here unites its waters with the Rhine, and helps to fill the havens and the cingle. Unlikely be for the mere fancy of having sluggish water-courses in the middle of the streets and places, I profess my inability to explain the meaning of these arrangements, for the town has exceedingly little trade or commerce, there are no boats or barges in its havens, and though the town contains 35,000 inhabitants, the streets are silent as those of a country village.

Yet Leyden, with all its dullness, is a charming place of residence for those who love peaceful retirement and intellectual converse with their fellow-creatures. Leyden has little animalism in its composition. It is a town of thought, a place of residence only for men of solid learning and study. As I perambulated its principal street, noting down in my memory the antique pointed gables of the houses, the trimly painted windows with their looking-glasses to catch the impression of every passing stranger, the well washed brick pavements, the old stadhause blazoned with carved inscriptions telling about the Spaniards, the glimpses, right and left, of retiring avenues of trees, and the perfect tranquillity of the scene, I almost felt as if I had been carried back to the sixteenth century, before the agitations and bustle of modern times had commenced. As a university town, Leyden is the Oxford of Holland; but it bears no architectural resemblance to that famed seat of English learning. Its whole aspect is democratic. No Gothic structures embellish its streets; and its plain collegiate halls of stone and brick bespeak the republican nature of its institutions.

Accompanied by a young gentleman sent from Surinam to Leyden for his education, and who spoke English fluently, I was enabled to visit with advantage various places in the town, including the university and its gardens. Usually, the object which first excites the curiosity of the traveller, is the Stadhause or Hotel de Ville, which occupies a conspicuous situation on one of the sides of the Breed Straat. It is a stone structure of considerable length, with three pointed pediments resembling gables, and surmounted by a tower with a clock. The ground floor is occupied as the flesh-market of the town—an arrangement which is very common in Holland, and suits the practice which prevails of levying a tax on all sales of meat. The floor above is reached by a double flight of steps from the street, leading to a spacious vestibule. The date of erection of the building, 1574, is carved on the front along with the arms of the town—two cross keys, and several inscriptions referring to the sufferings of the place during the period of its besiegement. Proceeding from the vestibule through divers rooms appropriated to different departments of the civic government, we were led into the place of assemblage of the burgomaster and members of the raad. The walls of this venerable

apartment are of dark panelled wood, partly hung with beautiful old tapestry, and ornamented with several paintings. One picture of modern date, by Van Bree of Antwerp, is of a size so large as almost to cover one side of the room, and represents the streets of Leyden filled with its famishing inhabitants, in the midst of whom stands prominently forward the figure of the burgomaster, Peter Van der Werf, offering his own body to be eaten rather than give up the city to its merciless besiegers. As this tragical scene is interwoven with a mighty occurrence in the history of civil liberty, I shall take the liberty of bringing the story of the siege of Leyden under the notice of my readers.

In the course of the iniquitous campaign of the Spanish forces in Holland, in 1573-4, it became of the utmost importance to them to possess Leyden, which was well protected by fortifications, and stood out most heroically for the cause of national independence. General Valdez, with a large army of Spaniards under his command, commenced the siege of Leyden on the 26th of May 1574, and took such effectual precautions to prevent the transmission of supplies of food to the inhabitants, that they were finally reduced to the most dreadful straits. The defence of the place was entrusted to John Van der Does, a person known in Latin literature for his elegant poetical productions, and in the execution of this arduous and honourable duty he was ably assisted by the burgomaster, Peter Van der Werf. The example of heroism and endurance shown by the citizens under the guidance of these men, has not been surpassed in any country. Valdez being on the point of making a final assault, which would, it was believed, be successful, Magdalen Moons, a damsel of great beauty, who had captivated him, exclaimed, "You may go to put to fire and sword the town where my parents and the companions of my infancy dwell; but if so, I can never give my heart to such a barbarian." The Spanish general, smitten by this appeal, consented to spare Leyden until famine placed it in his power. Towards the end of several weeks, when famine had commenced, Van der Does was urged by Valdez to surrender, and he replied, in the name of the inhabitants, that "when provisions failed them, they would devour their left hands, reserving their right to defend their liberty." The citizens of all classes held out without murmuring; every individual, even the women and children, taking what share they could in the defence. For seven weeks bread had not been seen within the walls; provisions had been exhausted; and the horrors of starvation had driven the besieged to appease their hunger with the flesh of horses, dogs, cats, and other foul animals; and roots and weeds were eagerly sought for. So strictly was the blockade maintained, that every attempt on the part of the Dutch to throw in provisions had failed. Pestilence came in the train of famine, and carried off six thousand of the inhabitants, so that the duty of burying them was almost too severe for those who were left, worn out by fatigue, watching, and emaciation. At length two carrier pigeons flew into the town, bearing tidings that relief was at hand. The Prince of Orange (he who was afterwards murdered at Delft) had finally adopted the determination of cutting the dykes that stemmed the waters of the sea, to relieve the heroic town. As this fearful alternative could not be resorted to without involving the total ruin of the whole province, it is not to be wondered at that it was only adopted after much hesitation, and as a last resource. But the inundation, even when the water was admitted, did not produce the anticipated results: it only rose a few feet. The little flotilla of boats destined for the relief of the town was thus prevented from approaching it, though the miserable inhabitants could easily descend from the walls. Then it was, that driven frantic by disappointment as well as suffering, they approached the burgomaster in a tumultuous mob, and peremptorily demanded bread, or the surrender of the town. "I have sworn to defend this city," answered the courageous Van der Werf, "and by God's help I mean to keep that oath. Bread I have none; but if my body can afford you relief, and enable you to prolong the defence, take it and tear it in pieces, and let those who are most hungry among you share it." Such noble devotion was not without its effect; the most clamorous were abashed, and they all retired in silence.

Fortunately, the misery of the besieged was now nearly at an end, and another Power above that of man effected the relief of the town of Leyden. One of those violent and continued storms which, even when the dykes are entire, cause such anxiety for the safety of the country, acting with accumulated violence upon the waters, widened the breaches already cut in the dykes, and the wind changing to the south-west, drove in the flood upon the land with the force of an overwhelming torrent. The inundation not only spread at once up to the walls of Leyden, but with such suddenness, that the ramparts thrown up by the Spaniards were surrounded, and more than a thousand soldiers were overwhelmed by the flood. The same tide which swept them away, carried the flotilla of boats of the Prince of Orange, laden with provisions, to the gates of Leyden. An amphibious battle was fought among the branches of the trees, partly on the dykes, partly in the boats; and in the end, the Spaniards, who had boasted that it was as impossible for the Dutch to save Leyden from their hands as to pluck the stars from heaven, were driven from their palisades and entrenchments. This almost miraculous deliverance took place

on the 3d of October 1574, a day still commemorated by the citizens. As an additional proof of Divine interference on this occasion, the Dutch historians remark, that the wind from the south-west, which had carried up the waters several miles to the walls, after three days turned to the north-east, so as effectually to drive it back again, and leave the country free.\*

The Prince of Orange, as a recompence to the town, gave its citizens the choice of exemption from taxes for a certain number of years, or having a university established, and much to their honour they preferred the latter. The university of Leyden was forthwith established, in 1575. As a seat of learning, it rose to the highest estimation, and produced or attached to itself a greater number of distinguished men than perhaps any other university in the world. The principal college building, which is very old, and was formerly a religious house, stands on the western side of the town, with a haven in the street in front, and extensive gardens spreading down to the cingle behind. As we came in sight of the old grey edifice, I had my recollection full of the Elzevirs who rendered Leyden famous for their editions of classical works, of the revolution wrought here in medicine by Boerhaave, and the disputes which were carried on regarding theology by Arminius. And, on being led through the low vaulted entrance to the building, and up an aged oak staircase to the floor in which the professors' halls are situated, I remembered that I was treading on the very ground which Goldsmith had frequently gone over, and in a sense rendered classic.

The only apartment worthy of inspection is that in which the *senatus* meet to examine students and confer degrees. Over the ancient mantelpiece is a remarkably fine portrait of the founder, William Prince of Orange, and round the walls are hung, as close as they can be placed, upwards of a hundred portraits of professors, in proper historical arrangement. These pictures have been respectively furnished by the relations of the professors soon after their death, and are therefore of value as real likenesses of the deceased. To each the name is appended, so that the stranger sees himself at once introduced into the presence, as far as that may be, of a number of men who have been an ornament to literature in the course of the last two centuries. Beginning with the top row of heads, the first is that of Scaliger, and then follow Salmusius, Everardus, Hensius, and Arminius. We recognise, also, those of Boerhaave, Wytenbach, and Schoten. The portrait of Boerhaave is almost the only one without a wig, and his face is by no means that of a grave doctor; it is full of sociability and humour, and impresses us with the idea that he was a man above practising any mystery in his profession. A head was pointed out to me of a very young man who had come to the university with all the external aspect of a poor country lad, and had, by his wonderful abilities as a linguist, risen to be professor of oriental languages in a very few months. Unfortunately, this prodigy of early genius died ere he had long enjoyed his honourable post. His head has the appearance of having been greatly overgrown, particularly about the brow, and I doubt not that his uncommon intellectual powers were connected with, or the result of, disease.

Leaving this interesting exhibition, we proceeded through the famous botanical gardens of Leyden, which cannot be viewed without emotions of delight. They extend over a number of acres of ground, and are laid out not only with the most refined skill with reference to landscape, but exhibit one of the most extensive collections of plants in Europe. The nomenclature is according both to the systems of Linnaeus and Jussieu. In walking along the pathway through the centre of the garden, an ash tree, the *Fraxinus Orni* of Linnaeus, was pointed out as having been planted by Boerhaave. The orange trees in moveable tubs were in full leaf, in the open air, and hung loaded with small fruit, in different stages of advancement. The collection of tropical plants is considered remarkably complete; it occupies a long range of hot and green houses, which shone in gorgeous splendour to the noonday sun.

The college buildings are so much detached, that the stranger has to walk to different streets to visit them. We did not feel inclined to examine the observatory, the anatomical museum, or the library, but proceeded to the Museum of Natural History, which, I believe, surpasses in extent any thing of the kind in the world. The Dutch, as is well known, excel in collecting objects of curiosity from foreign countries. Every ambassador and consul deputed from Holland, considers it his duty to procure interesting zoological specimens, and transmit them to his beloved Faderland. Independently of its enrichment from this source, the university of Leyden has received many valuable presents in natural history, particularly in the department of birds, from Mr Temminck. The *senatus*, likewise, employs a set of travellers to gather rare specimens, from Africa, South America, and other quarters of the globe. In short, no pains are spared to enrich the collection, and consequently it has swelled to its present importance. As an instance of the zeal which is manifested, I was told by my conductor that 2500 guilders, or £.208 sterling, had been lately paid by the univer-

\* In this account of the siege of Leyden, I have in a great measure adopted the language of the writer of the "Hand Book for Travellers" (Murray, London), a work which cannot be too highly recommended for the perspicuity and faithfulness of its details.

sity for one shell of a nautilus, to complete the series of specimens of this kind.

The museum, which is daily open to all classes gratis, occupies four sides of a large court, and consists of an upper and under story in the form of long galleries, filled with glass cases along the walls and in the centre of the floor. Beginning at the doorway in the lower floor, we see a complete series of skulls of the human species and monkey tribes; next, full skeletons of monkeys of all sizes; and then the classification goes on through the whole Cuvierian divisions of animals—beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles. The gallery above contains a similar classification, but the animals are stuffed, to have the appearance of being alive. The last gallery entered is one below, containing a splendid collection of geological specimens, minerals, and precious stones; also some models in wax of alpine districts. I tried to note down the objects which appeared most interesting, but soon gave up the attempt as hopeless; such an extraordinary collection of the most beautiful and surprising of nature's handiworks must be not only seen, but patiently studied, in order that it may be appreciated as it deserves.

From the Museum of Natural History we proceeded to the museum of Egyptian Antiquities, which is also extensive, and contains many deeply interesting pieces of sculpture, mummies, and domestic utensils, illustrative of the history and manners of the ancient Egyptians. We had now completed our tour of the academical institutions, and next paid a visit to the ancient church of St Peter, where I had an opportunity of seeing the tombs and monuments of a number of the great luminaries whose portraits embellish the hall of the senate. Near this venerable ecclesiastical structure, we passed through a large open square laid out with avenues of trees, and having a canal flowing through its centre. This spot was once covered with regular streets, but the whole were blown down and destroyed by an accidental explosion of gunpowder, on board a vessel in the canal, in the year 1807. Besides the damage done to property, one hundred and fifty persons were killed, among whom was one of the professors.

The university of Leyden requires no tests or declarations of religious belief either from its professors or scholars, and consequently it comprehends all sects and denominations, both Christian and Jewish. The senate consists of thirty-three professors, who are divided into faculties—Literature, Philosophy, Medicine, Law, Theology, and Mathematics and Physics. The code of instruction embraces nothing new or suitable to the enlarged ideas of education in modern times. Most of the lectures are still delivered in Latin, and the public announcements of the curriculum are in the same antiquated language. Last year the number of students was 700. The students, who wear no particular dress, reside in lodgings in the town, and are sociable and polite in their manners, though perhaps possessing a little of the wildness of their brethren, the German burschen. A large number of them own a club-house, where subscribers dine and recreate themselves with various amusements. In their reading-room I observed a profusion of German and French periodicals and newspapers, but not one in English. Many of the students, however, are well acquainted with the English language, having studied it chiefly with the view of being able to read the poetry of Byron and Burns. Much as I had reason to be pleased with what I saw in the society of the students, and what I heard of their diligence in learning, I regret that impartiality obliges me to warn young men against proceeding to Leyden for their education. Every new student is compelled, during a period of six weeks, to be a drudge or fag to those of older standing, and is thus subjected to a course of the most mortifying insults. The practice of duelling is also carried on without restraint from the professors or civil authorities, and a young man has almost to fight his way into general estimation among his fellows. The garden behind the club-house is the usual arena for these disgraceful encounters; and there, as I was informed, a combatant was two or three years ago run through the body and killed on the spot. How these things can be tolerated among such an orderly people as the Dutch, is beyond my comprehension.

Before departing from Leyden, I made inquiries as usual regarding the state of education among the middle and lower classes, and found that it was as general, and under as careful management, as it was in any other place in which I had been. Still, I experienced disappointment in learning that, in this university town, where something better might have been expected, no methodic scientific instruction is generally given, and there is no regular plan of intellectual culture. I visited a Primary School which had been represented to me as a model of good management. I found that it was an Armen or Poor School, but, unlike the practice at other schools of this class, a fee is charged from the pupils. This payment, however, is so exceedingly small, that it can hardly serve as an excuse to keep away the children of the poor. The fee is one cent a-day, or the fifth part of a stiver, which is less than an English farthing. It is paid every afternoon. If a child do not attend, it does not pay. Monsieur Cousin, who visited the school, mentions a higher payment as being exacted. I was informed by the head master that the practice of exacting these trifling fees does not prevent the education of any children, and that in point of fact all the children in the town are instructed.

The instruction given is the same as that which I have already described; and, according to the Dutch custom, no religious doctrines are taught. For a very correct account of the establishment, and mode of conducting this excellent Primary School, I cannot do better than refer to the work of M. Cousin.

#### ADVENTURES OF A HIGHLAND OFFICER IN THE AMERICAN WAR.

In a late visit to the Highlands, and while residing with a friend in a secluded situation near the shores of Loch Ness, the following little narrative, descriptive of the adventures of an officer in the American war, was related to me by one of the young persons of the family. It appeared so interesting, that I immediately wrote it down, and now present it to the world, almost word for word as it was narrated:

"Uncle Charles was a fine, tall, handsome-looking youth, about nineteen, when he decided upon going into the army; and a commission having been procured for him in the gallant 42d, he left home to join the regiment, which in the course of a few months embarked at a very short notice for the American provinces, betwixt which and Great Britain a regular war had commenced. Mrs Grant, whose favourite son Charles was, parted from him with great regret; but having fortified his mind by good principles and the best example, she committed him to the care of Providence. Charles had lost his father when he was quite a child, so that he was left entirely to the instruction of his mother; and it was fortunate that she had such a soil whereon to sow the good seed, that produced the fruits that will be seen in his adventurous life.

The regiment arrived safe at New York; and as soon as they had recovered from the voyage, it was ordered to march into the interior to join their brethren in arms, as the officer commanding the troops in that part of the country understood that the Americans had prevailed upon a tribe of Indians, from Lake Michigan, to aid them against the British. The chief of this tribe had become well known to the Americans, as he and his followers were in the habit of visiting the frontiers yearly, to exchange their furs, fish, and other products of their country, for fire-arms, powder, and shot, which were most useful to them; so that the Americans found it no difficult matter to engage Michigan John and his tribe as an ally in the war; and John, who was a man of no common mind, not only picked up sufficient of the English language to make himself intelligible, but he had a powerful mind, and ruled over his tribe with despotic sway. The Indians, who were well acquainted with every foot of the country, were found by the Americans to be invaluable; and an ambuscade was planned to entrap the 42d ere it could reach its destination. They were only too successful; for, in marching through a wood, they were attacked suddenly, and taken at a great disadvantage. From behind the trees the deadly rifle laid low many a brave fellow; and, fearing to be cut off to a man, a retreat was sounded, with the hope of returning to more open ground; and the dreaded war-whoop of the savages could hardly fail to strike terror into the minds of soldiers who had never encountered such a ferocious-looking enemy.

The Americans being aware that the loss of their officers would render the men a more easy conquest, took aim accordingly; and Charles, who nobly stood his ground, was singled out by the Indian chief, and he fell severely wounded; and the Indians rushing into the melee, began to strip the dead and scalp the dying. Michigan John, who had perceived that Charles was an officer, from his dress, advanced to where he lay, and, raising his head by the long hair, he lifted the deadly tomahawk, and, whirling it round, he was on the point of scalping his victim, when my uncle moved one of his arms, as if to put his hand upon the wound; and Indian John, finding he still breathed, spared his life. Summoning four of his tribe, they hastily cut down some branches from the trees, and, making a sort of litter, my uncle having had a bandage tied over his wound, he was placed in the litter, and by nightfall the party were on their way to Lake Michigan, laden with the booty which the Americans and they had divided. Some days elapsed ere they reached their home, the poor captive so weak and exhausted by the loss of blood, that he could hardly make the smallest exertion, and it required all the care of the Indian chief to keep him alive.

The warriors were received with shouts of triumph by their wives and companions, who had remained to guard their encampment, mingled with cries and lamentations for those who had fallen in battle. My uncle, upon the arrival of the Indians in the Michigan territory, was taken to the wigwam of their chief, and herbs were gathered and applied to his wound, so that he gradually recovered; and in the midst of such kind-hearted savages he felt exceedingly grateful, but above all to the chief. But one may imagine his horror and dismay, when John informed him that his life was only preserved that he might be offered up as a sacrifice to the manes of those who had been killed on the day of the battle. To have met with death in the field would have been little compared with the fate that awaited him, and his entreaties that the chief would at once put an end to his life were not listened to. John replied it was the custom of the tribe, and

that he ought not to have invaded the land of the Red men; and my uncle perceiving that there existed not the smallest chance of escape for him, endeavoured to prepare his mind for the trial that awaited him; and he employed many hours of the day and in the silent watches of the night, in praying for fortitude and strength to die as a Christian, from the only source at which it can be found.

With a composure of manner and appearance which even to himself appeared somewhat unnatural, my uncle saw the preparations that were taking place, and was relieved in a great measure by learning that he was not to be put to torture, but that he was to be shot—a favour that he did not expect. His manly bearing and amiable manners had softened the heart in some degree of old John, and he would gaze with a steadfast and thoughtful look, when in a corner of the wigwam he saw the young white-skin speaking to the Great Spirit, and heard the earnest petitions of the young soldier for his mother, and for forgiveness of his own sins; and old John felt how proud he would have been of such a son to succeed him as chief of the Michigans.

At length my uncle having recovered, a day was fixed, and the whole tribe were assembled in their war-dresses, the women and children shouting and singing the death-song, as John, accompanied by his captive, appeared; and the chief making a short paean to his followers, they all followed their leader to the wood that adjoined their encampment; and a tree being selected for the purpose, my uncle was placed against it, John having granted him the favour that he should not be bound nor his eyes covered, saying he was not afraid to look death in the face, and hoping that the Indian would take so sure an aim as to be fatal at the moment. John loaded his rifle; and when the signal was given, he presented it at his victim. The trigger was pulled, but the powder flashed in the pan. With an impatient air John examined his rifle, put in fresh powder, and again presented. Again was the attempt unsuccessful. A third time would surely finish the affair, for the flint was sharpened, and fresh priming put in the pan. The rifle again missed fire. Anxiety, doubt, and consternation, sat upon every face, as the chief looked round upon his tribe. As if struck by the thought of the moment, he raised the gun in his hand, and fired in the air, when it exploded with tremendous noise, as the Indians gave out cries and shouts of surprise.

After a pause of a few minutes, and silence had been restored, the chief addressed them. 'My children, it's of no use to kill this white-skin; he is protected by the Great Spirit. When did you see the gun of Michigan John miss fire? The Great Spirit says No. Listen, my children:—I have no son, and this young white-skin shall become as one to your father. When I am old, and go to the land of my fathers, he shall be your chief. We shall teach him to hunt and to fish, and he will be as the son of the Red man.'

This address was received with joyful acclamations, and my uncle, like one in a dream, was carried back to the wigwam upon the shoulders of Indians, who, leaving him to the care of his adopted father, spent the day in mirth and dancing. My uncle, whose life was thus wonderfully spared, never for a moment doubted that it was solely by the interposition of Providence, and gave thanks where it was due. A day was soon after appointed to adopt my uncle as the chief who was to rule the tribe after his father's death, and he underwent the ceremonies observed amongst the savage tribes of North America. His body was handsomely tattooed, his ears pierced, and also his nose, to all of which were appended ornaments; and his skin being stained, and attired in the full war-dress of an Indian chief, with the rifle, the deadly tomahawk, and scalping-knife, he was, I am told, a very handsome-looking person. The ceremony concluded by his having the name of John bestowed upon him.

Only too grateful to have his life spared, young John soon fell into all the customs of his new friends. He accompanied his father in the chase, and became an expert huntsman; and this roving and exciting occupation became delightful to him. If he had any ambition, here it might be gratified: he would, at some future period, preside over a numerous body of Indians, who felt some degree of awe for one who was guarded by the Great Spirit. Youth soon reconciles itself to a situation that is not uncomfortable upon the whole; and young John, who was particularly attached to the chief, seemed to forget that he was not a red-skin from the first. His promotion, although approved of by the greater number of the tribe, had raised some envy and jealousy amongst those who were related to John, and they only waited an opportunity to do him an injury. And so it chanced. When some of the tribe, accompanied by my uncle, were out hunting, a huge panther was tracked and fired at; and as the Indians pursued the animal closely, he took refuge in a cave, and every attempt to dislodge him was found to be vain. It was now the time for the discontented to endeavour to get rid of their rival, and with furious threats they insisted that he should enter the cave, and drive out the panther. This attempt he looked upon as certain death, as the cave was so low that he must have gone in on his hands and knees. But expostulation and remarks upon the injustice of their conduct, were only answered by a blow of the tomahawk; and seeing there was no alternative, he crept in upon his hands, holding his scalping-

knife between his teeth. The cave was so dark that some minutes elapsed before he could distinguish the animal, which had retreated into a corner of the den, in the agonies of death, having been mortally wounded by one of the Indians. My uncle having advanced cautiously, drew his knife across the throat of the panther, and seizing him by the tail, dragged him out of the den, and with an air of indignation threw him down before the astonished savages, who, humbled and crest-fallen, were convinced that he bore a charmed life, and that it was fruitless to endeavour to injure him.

Three years were passed away by my uncle amongst the Indians; and having accumulated a considerable number of skins, and other products of their country, John proposed that a party of the tribe should proceed to the United States, to exchange them for powder and shot, which they now stood much in need of. Accordingly, he with his adopted son and seven of their followers proceeded to Charleston. Here it was that my uncle recognised one of the officers of the 42d. Home and all its sweet associations rushed into his heart, and he went up directly and addressed his old companion in arms, who, if possible, was more astonished at hearing a young Indian speak in his own language. It was some time before he could be brought to acknowledge his identity. His adopted father was all this while beside him, his anxious piercing looks full of anxiety, which was increased when he found that my uncle intended accompanying the officer to his quarters, where he followed them.

A long and interesting conversation took place, and his friend represented in the strongest terms the folly of spending his life amidst a tribe of savages, and recalled to my uncle the duty he owed to his parent, his king, and his country; in return, my uncle pleaded all he owed to his adopted father. His friend did not press the subject too keenly at the moment; but having written to the commanding officer the history of Charles's captivity, an order was dispatched to Charles, claiming him as a British officer, and commanding him to join his regiment with as little delay as possible.

There was no disputing this order, as he would be considered a deserter; and he had the painful duty of explaining this to Michigan John, who was overwhelmed with grief. He endeavoured by every means in his power to prevail on my uncle to go home with him. 'Return, return, my son John, with your old father. Why should you seek again to become a white-skin? Oh, my son John, break not the heart of your Indian father.' Every thing was done to comfort and console him, but with little success, until the old chief made up his mind, that the Good Spirit called his son away to his own people; and after choosing the best of the furs, and every thing that he thought would be valued, he took a last parting farewell, and turned his face towards the Lake Michigan. My uncle proceeded to New York, where his extraordinary adventures had travelled before him, and every one was anxious to see the handsome Indian chief. This desire was most strongly felt by the ladies, and a fair American girl, who heard him relate his romantic tale with modesty and ingenuousness, showed that she loved him for the dangers he had passed; and he was too gallant a soldier not to be flattered by the interest she expressed. And while he gained a step in the 42d, he lost his heart in New York; and fearing to be called a heartless man, he had nothing for it but to agree to an exchange or barter. The regiment was ordered to England, and Charles along with it. If his adventures had made a sensation in New York, he was still a greater lion in London. And one of his majesty's ministers wrote my uncle, that it would be agreeable that he should spend an evening at his house, and that a certain member of the royal family would honour the company with his presence, having a desire to see him, in the Indian costume, dance the celebrated war-dance. All of these requests my uncle did not consider himself at liberty to refuse, and acquitted himself so well, that his dance and tremendous war-whoop electrified the whole assembly.

After remaining a short time in London, he returned home to his native glen, to visit his relations; and recollecting after a reasonable time that his heart was on the other side of the Atlantic, and finding himself uncomfortable without it, he set out again for New York, to unite himself to his lady love; leaving as parting gifts his Indian dress, tomahawk, and scalping-knife, which are hung up in the hall as memorials of the true tale of Michigan John, alias Charles Grant of Glen."

#### A FORTUNATE ATTORNEY.

There are always a considerable number of attorneys and barristers in the Queen's Bench Prison. I need scarcely say that in the great majority of cases the attorneys were without practice, and the barristers briefless, before their entrance. Some of the former, however, manage to raise a tolerable business within the walls of the prison. Strange as it may appear, it does sometimes happen that persons have to date their prosperity in life to their incarceration in the Queen's Bench. One remarkable instance consists with my personal knowledge. The party was a barrister, but had never in his life had a single brief in his bag. I am not sure, indeed, having no use for it, whether he had a bag at all. He was sent to vegetate for ten or twelve months in the Bench. While there, he contracted an intimacy with one of the prisoners of some station in society, and of considerable wealth, though, through some illegal proceedings, temporarily deprived of it. The case was laid before the briefless barrister, and having abundant time on his hand, he made

himself completely master of it in all its bearings. On his liberation he undertook to bring it before the proper tribunal, making his remuneration entirely dependent on his success. He did succeed: the party was liberated, and he amply rewarded for his trouble. But the remuneration he received was but a very subordinate portion of the benefit he derived from the case. Possessed of very respectable natural talents, and knowing the case so thoroughly, he made so creditable a professional appearance in court, that briefs, from that time, poured in on him in copious abundance. This was the tide in his affairs of which Shakspere speaks: he wisely took it at the flood, and led it on to fame and fortune.—*Sketches in London*, by the Author of "The Great Metropolis."

SONG FROM THE DUTCH,  
AS TRANSLATED IN THE STUDENT'S ALMANACK OF LEYDEN.

I.  
Long for thy coming I've waited and sighed,  
Breathless the air, love, and calm is the night,  
Golden with stars, oh! the heavens are bright;  
Long for thy coming I've waited and sighed,  
Mary, my love!

Sweet are the perfumes of flowering May;  
Soft through the meadow the brook sighs its lay;  
Tender the moon beams with glittering ray,  
Mary, my love!

II.  
And is thy name not angel, maid?  
Thy locks of blackest jet are made;  
More white than lily is thy bosom,  
Than on the banks the waving blossom;  
As on the rose the sunbeams play,  
So from thy cheek a smile does ray;  
That modest look of thine did move me,  
Oh! didst thou love me, as I love thee?

III.  
My boat is on the wavering sea—  
Oh, to my cottage come with me,  
There, lonely, the shade of beeches,  
No noise, no human talk should reach us;  
There, playing with thy curling hair,  
For fame nor glory should I care;  
Naught should I sing but sweetest dove, thee,  
If as I love thee, thou didst love me!

A heaven is opened on thy brow,  
Oh, don't belie that heaven's show;  
Nor be the sun of bounty thwarted,  
Since from me freedom's sun has parted;  
Oh, let no pitying laugh, then, sweet,  
Insult the passion I do feed!—  
The answer would a kiss of love be,  
If thou didst love me, as I love thee!

#### INTELLECTUAL TASTES IN ARTIZANS.

The following instances of intellectual tastes and pursuits in artizans, will, it is hoped, be acceptable to those who rejoice to recognise in all, without regard to station in the world, the possession and the use of understanding. Two artizans, in working trim, though on a holiday, were intently conversing together the other day as they walked near London Bridge. A passer by heard from one of them the words, "I always think of Julius Caesar." Whether the reference was made to point the moral of the vanity of ambition—whether Caesar's bridge-building achievements were contrasted with those of the construction of the grand pile over which the conversing parties had just passed—or whether the view of the Greenwich Railroad suggested the idea of the Romans, and their road-making, is immaterial to our purpose. The fact remains, that in these our days the mechanic conversing with his friend is not confined in his topics to his shop, his home, or his alehouse, but thinks and speaks of Julius Caesar.

On a certain green-painted door in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green, was lately to be seen written roughly in chalk the following problem, "What sum at the same per cent. will amount to L78, 8s. in two years? No guessing—show a theorem!" Virgil's first known couplet (and that by no means a very poetical one) is said to have been posted on the gate of Augustus, and here we have the enthusiasm of a young mathematician, delighted as all young mathematicians are with their first introduction to the arithmetical exactness of the question—"no guessing—show a theorem," and we should certainly have been tempted to answer the question on the spot, but for the want of chalk. A solution is added below,\* in the hope that thus it may catch the inquirer's eye, and most cordially do we wish him success in the further prosecution of his subject of interest. A few years since, the people of Hull determined to erect a column to the memory of their townsman, Wilberforce. Among the lookers-on who were one day witnessing the process of pile-driving for the foundations, there arose a discussion as to the utility of such erections. One observed that they were at any rate good for trade, as affording employment. His neighbour suggested, not in the exact words, but to their effect, that the reproductive employment of capital was the best. He did not go on to discuss the utility of sinking capital thus as an incentive to public and social virtue, but it was a good deal to have advanced thus far. The political economy sounded not the worse from its coming, in homely phrase, from a man in a fustian jacket. We hope he may be as clear-headed and well-informed on the subject of wages and commercial intercourse, and his knowledge will be useful to his neighbour.

\* Let  $x$  = the sum required  

$$1 + x^2 = L78, 8s.$$

$$100$$

$$x + 2x^2 + x^3 =$$

$$100 + 10,000$$

$$x^3 + 200x^2 + 10,000x = L78,400.$$

hours, as well as improving to his own mind. These instances of the interest taken by labouring men in intellectual pursuits, have occurred in a very short time to one observer. How widely, then, is it reasonable to suppose these tastes are spread. Nor least is it pleasing to observe the simple and unostentatious manner in which they are manifested. Here, at least, there is nothing of the pride of knowledge and the pedantic love of display, to which, perhaps, is mainly owing the appearance of absurdity in the attempts which are occasionally made to throw ridicule on the propagators of knowledge by putting scientific language into the mouths of the people. Hear them talk in their own plain and expressive way of subjects which you are used to see treated only in the language of books, and ridicule is the last idea which will arise in your mind. Knowledge, evidently digested and fairly applied, commands respect in all stations. And whether it appear among our labouring brethren in the shape of history, mathematics, or political economy, in all shapes, at all times, it is welcome. May all manifestations of it encourage those to whose exertions it is in any measure to be attributed, to new and great labours in so high and holy a cause. These are hardly the beginnings—the end, who shall imagine?—*Sunday Times*.

#### IMPROVEMENTS IN HEALTH-SEEKING.

In enumerating the improvements that have taken place in the metropolis as regards the health of its inhabitants, we must not omit the railroads. Some of my readers may be disposed to ask, in astonishment, what railroads have to do with health? I answer, that leaving out of view the obvious connection between them in the facilities which railroads afford for enjoying the fresh air of the country, they have in themselves a direct influence upon health of a most beneficial nature. Dr James Johnson, in the last number of the Medico-Chirurgical Review, has the following remarks on the subject:—

"Railroad travelling possesses many peculiarities, as well as advantages, over the common modes of conveyance. The velocity with which the train moves through the air is very refreshing, even in the hottest weather, where the run is for some miles. The vibratory, or rather oscillatory, motion communicated to the human frame, is very different from the swinging and jolting motions of the stage-coach, and is productive of more salutary effects. It equalises the circulation, promotes digestion, tranquillises the nerves (after the open country is gained), and often causes sound sleep during the succeeding night; the exercise of this kind of travelling being unaccompanied by that lassitude, aching, and fatigue, which, in weakly constitutions, prevents the nightly repose. The railroad bids fair to be a powerful remedial agent in many ailments to which the metropolitan and civic inhabitants are subject."

To those who are curious, and not very timid, the open carriages are far preferable to the closed ones, especially in fine weather. In bad weather, and particularly at first, invalids may travel with more advantage under cover. I have no doubt that thousands and tens of thousands of valetudinarians in this overgrown Babylon, the run to Boxmoor or Tring and back, twice or thrice a week, will prove a means of preserving health and prolonging life more powerful than all the drugs in Apothecaries' Hall."

The innumerable steam-boats plying on the river are another comparatively recent means of securing health to the metropolitans. The benefit derived from a trip for thirty miles down the river on a fine summer's day, is very great. The lively bustle of the river, the beautiful scenery on its banks, and the swift motion of the vessel through the water, all tend powerfully to alienate, for a time, the mind of the busily-pressed citizen from his daily thoughts; and the refreshing breeze which is almost always on the river, has a most healthful effect. By these conveyances a person may visit the sea and return to his home the same evening.

By bringing men of different countries more into contact with one another, and by promoting the more complete interchange of opinion and community of feeling between the inhabitants of the same country, steam-conveyances contribute to the health in another though less direct way, but which, to the reader of this book, must be sufficiently obvious.—*Curtis on Preservation of Health*.

#### MEDICAL ANECDOTE.

Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the manner of paying physicians in England for the time that their patients were sick, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians: I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short."

#### NO VETO.

When the right of the French king's *veto* was so warmly agitated in the General Assembly, the mob in Paris bawled about the streets, "No veto! no veto!" Mirabeau one day accosted a woman who was vociferating those magic words:—What is the meaning of this *veto*?" said he, "about which the people are talking so much? I am a stranger in Paris, and do not understand it." "Oh, sir," said the itinerant politician, "it is a tax on sugar;" and on she went, exclaiming as loudly as before, "No veto! no veto!"

We embrace the earliest opportunity of stating, that an anecdote relative to the late Rev. Dr Dick of Glasgow and a member of his own family, which occurs in an article in the 343d number of our Journal, has been given on what turns out to be erroneous information; and we are now informed, on good authority, that no such incident happened as is there alluded to.

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